

T H E

Honest Countryman's Litany.

FROM a wife of small fortune, but yet very proud,
Who values herself on her family's blood,
Who seldom talks sense, but for ever is loud,
Deliver me.

From children, bore by this termagant mother,
Who are like to their dam, as one pea to another;
From six of these brats, without ever a brother,
Deliver me.

From living i'th' parish that has an old kirk,
Where the Parson he rules like a Jew or a Turk,
And keeps a poor Curate to do all the work,
Deliver me.

From a Justice of Peace, who'll put up no offence,
But construes the law in its most rigid sense,
And all to bind over will find a pretence,
Deliver me.

From spiritual courts, and citations, and libels,
From proctors, apparitors, and all the tribe else,
Who never were heard of throughout all our bibles
Deliver me.

From dealings with great men, & taking their word,
From waiting whole mornings to speak to my lord
Who puts off his payments, & puts on his sword,
Deliver me.

From trusting to hypocrites, wretches who trifle,
With heav'n, that on earth they securely may rifle,
Who conscience, and honour, and honesty stifle,
Deliver me.

From parsons, who never the gospel yet taught,
From red coats, who never a battle yet fought,
From women, whose practices are very naught,
Deliver me.